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THE

MILLER OF WANDSWORTH

BY

COLONEL COLOMB, R.A.

280. o.
567.

600079780.

THE

MILLER OF WANDSWORTH;

OR, THE

TRAGICAL STORY OF THE SURREY PETITION,

16TH MAY, 1648.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRIT BY RICHARD LOVELACE.

WITH NOTES BY

COLONEL COLOMB, R.A.,

AUTHOR OF "DONNINGTON CASTLE" (A ROYALIST STORY), AND OF THE ROMANCES "HEARTHS AND WATCHFIRES," "THE SHADOWS OF DESTINY," "SONG OF THE BELL AND LENORA" (TRANSLATIONS), &C.

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LONDON:

BERNARD QUARITCH, 15, PICCADILLY.

1879.

280. o. 567.

TO THE

COUNTESS OF LOVELACE,

THIS POEM

IS INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

Endorsement of the MS.

[About ye time that ye Scots—who dyd afterwards hang all their pulpits in black for hys most just and necessary execution—were preparinge for to crosse ye border[1] on behalf of Charles Stuart, many notable attempts were made on ye part of malignants, by petitioning of ye Houses, to restore their idoll of Monarchy. Amongst these, ye boldest was ye famous Surrey Petition, which was exceeding high and insolent in its demands, and was accompanied by a great multitude and rabble to Westminster. The ensuing account of ye businesse was writ by that notable malignant Richard Lovelace, but it hath given me much solace to know that he cannot finde a printer, notwithstanding hys importunities, to undertake ye miserable stuffe. Given under my hande thys 3d day of ye 7th month of ye 2d year of freedom restored (3d Sept., 1650).[2]—Jeremiah G.]

[1] Under Duke Hamilton.

[2] Dating from the establishment of the Commonwealth (1648).

The Miller of Wandsworth;

OR,

THE TRAGICAL STORY OF THE SURREY PETITION, MAY 16, 1648.

STAVE I.

The March to London.

I.

Hark to the clamour of fife and drum,
Three thousand Surrey-men marching come;
Their van by a snow-white banner is led,
And the Miller of Wandsworth he walks at their head.
An humble petition[1] they come to present
At the doors of the Houses of Parliament.

[1] "The petition in the terms of it was very high," says Rushworth, who reports it as follows:—"That the King may be restored to his due honour and just rights, according to the oaths of allegiance and supremacy—That he may forthwith be established in the throne according to the splendour of his ancestors; That he may, for the present, come to Westminster, with honour and safety, to treat personally for composing differences; That the freeborn subjects of England may be governed by the known laws and statutes now in force in the kingdom; That the war beginning may be prevented, and that the ordinance for preventing free-quarter may be duly executed, and speed made in disbanding all armies, having their arrears due paid them."

II.

Nor sword, nor musket, nor pike is there—
A riband rosette[1] in their bonnets they wear.
But their hearts are bold and their purpose strong;
And I hear them say, as they're walking along,
"In spite of Tom[2] Fairfax and all his men,
We'll have the King brought back to London again!

III.

"Burdens too many are laid on our backs.
Free-quarter,[3] excise,[4] and the monthly tax.[5]
They have robbed the Church and despoiled the Crown,
To pamper an army to trample us down!
Tell us no more of your Covenant cause,
We mean to have back both the King and the laws.

IV.

"Men that are loyal, and gallant, and true,
Are slain, and prisoned, and banished[6] by you.

[1] Green and white, says a diurnal.

[2] Lord Fairfax.

[3] "Miserable now were the complaints from several parts of the kingdom, by reason of the burthen of free-quarter. In the third year of King Charles upon the expedition for the Isle of Rhè, the Lords and Commons, in their *Petition of Right*, when not above 2,000 or 3,000 soldiers were thinly quartered upon the people, for a month or two, complained thereof to His Majesty as a great grievance, contrary to the laws and customs of the realm; and humbly prayed as their right, according to the law of the land, that he would remove it; which His Majesty presently granted. Yet now, though the country was ten times more oppressed, no remedy could be had; the army, under pretence of lodging, fire, and candle, taking all other necessaries."—*Heath's Chron.*, p. 156.

[4] All the necessaries of life, besides most articles of merchandise, were taxed by the Excise at this period.

[5] The monthly tax was for the support of the army.

[6] The number of those who lost their lives, liberties, and properties,

'Tis now two years[1] since you finished the war—
What do you keep all these soldiers for?
In spite of Black Tom[2] and his buff-coated men
King Charles shall be brought back in triumph again!

V.

"A captive in doleful prison,[3] the King
For our sad folly is suffering!
May a plague on the crafty deceivers fall
Who out of our loyalty cozened us all!
Our hearts to his Majesty still are true,
We'll have him to stand between us and you."

VI.

Through town, and hamlet, a goodly show,
The Surrey Petitioners marching go!
Their van by the snow-white banner is led,
And the Miller of Wandsworth still walks at their head,
And windows fly open to catch up the strain:—
"King Charles! King Charles! shall be brought home again!"

VII.

The Miller of Wandsworth, stately and strong,
Tow'rs o'er the rest, as he marcheth along;
Rose, his young granddaughter, graceful and fair,
Claspeth the arm of the patriarch there;—
So, the old oak o'er the forest is king;
So, to his side, will the eglantine cling.

or who were sent beyond the seas, in the defence of Church and Crown, was very great.

[1] The first war was finished in 1646. The surrender of Oxford, in the spring of that year, was followed by that of every garrison in the kingdom.

[2] Fairfax was commonly known under the *sobriquet* of "Black Tom."

[3] Charles I. was at this time a close prisoner in Carisbrook Castle.

VIII.

Kith and kin the old Miller hath none—
All but this maiden to rest are gone,
At Hopton Heath her father was slain
While fighting in gallant[1] Northampton's train;
Never bright summer in gladness smiled,
On a gentler, kinder, or lovelier child.

IX.

Young men and maidens, who listen to me,
And who dream, perchance, of the ecstacy
Of a pure, a fadeless, a changeless love,
That faithful unto the death will prove—
Know that no true lover's knot ye can twine
Will outlast the bond which their hearts combine.

X.

Still round the hearth they are named in the tale
"Pride of the Hamlet" and "Flower of the Dale."
Honoured by all were the true-hearted pair,
Humble their station, yet noble they were;
Peerages—what though no titles they bring,
Oft-times are made without help of the King.

XI.

"Rose, art thou tired?" "No, grandfather dear,
It keepeth me up all this shouting to hear,

[1] *See* Clarendon's account of the gallant earl's death. "He killed with his own hand the colonel of Foot who first made haste to him. . . after his headpiece was stricken off with the butt-end of a musket, they offered him quarter, which, they say, he refused, answering, 'That he scorned to take quarter from such base rogues and rebels as they were.' After which he was slain by a blow with a halbert on the hinder part of his head, receiving, at the same time, another deep wound in the face."—*Clar. Hist.*, Book vi.

I would walk as fast and as far again,
To catch but a sight of King Charles his train,
When they bring him in triumph again to Whitehall—
You must take me to see it, whate'er may befall.

XII.

"'Tis a good time for the King to come home;
Rich summer gifts do high welcome become;
The gold of Laburnum, and silver of May,
Wherever he passes we'll strew in the way,
And all the best flow'rs of my garden I'll bring,
To throw from my lap at the feet of the King.

XIII.

"Whenever I walk in my little parterre,
I think upon Royalist sufferings there;
In the rose, the red blood of poor martyrs, I see;
And their pale quiet griefs in the wan *fleur-de-lis*,
And the odours that forth from their blossoms are given,
I think are brave spirits escaping to Heaven!"

XIV.

Onward, still onward, with fife and drum
O'er London Bridge[1] the Petitioners come,
Loud roars the city—stout[2] Skippon's defied;
And kerchiefs are wav'd by the Dames[3] of Cheapside,
And caps in the air all the 'prentices[4] fling]
Crying "Welcome to Surrey!" and "bring home the King!"

[1] The Petitioners had received permission from the Lord Mayor and alderman, &c., to pass through the City. London-bridge was the only bridge.

[2] Philip Skippon, major-general, commanded the city forces.

[3] The citizens of London, at this period, lived in their houses of business.

[4] The 'prentices had, for some time, been wholly on the king's side

XV.

(Poor cozen'd city, 'twere best thou wert dumb,
London, alas! a curst cow hath become!
And her first treasons she uselessly mourns;
For the Parliament holdeth her fast by the horns,
And grievous logs to her heels they tie,
While the soldiers of Fairfax do milk her dry.[1])

XVI.

Through Ludgate,[2] Fleet Street, and down the Strand,
They greet them with cheers and with clapping of hand;
Something amazed are the Guards of Whitehall,
As onward still go the Petitioners all;
Never such throng round St. Stephen's did close,
Since Strafford was hounded[3] to death by his foes.

[1] The city was now under the control of the army.

[2] Lud gate was standing then.

[3] Alluding to Pym's mobs, which posted up the "Straffordians," and over-awed the Houses.

STAVE II.

At the Door of the House.

I.

Close in the Commons, high business to do,
That morning sat Lenthall[1] and all the crew
Of the bold proud rebels of Westminster—
Vane,[2] Harry Marten,[3] and Mildmay[4] there,
With many a colonel[5] of fierce renown,
Did plot[6] how to keep a free people down.

II.

Hark to the noise of the concourse without!
"Ho there! look well what the guards be about.

[1] William Lenthall, Speaker.

[2] Sir Harry Vane, the younger.

[3] A noted enemy of king and cavalier.

[4] Sir Henry Mildmay, a vigilant Roundhead: his brother, Anthony, was eminent for his loyalty.

[5] "Is any strength equal with a colonel of the army which hath 600 horse and 1,200 foot to back him? Do we sit as equal members? You see and know the contrary. If we speak to anything that displeaseth a grandee of the army, his answer is, *sic volo sic jubeo.*" *See* "Sir J. Maynard's speech in answer to Harry Marten, who railed against ye King, Lords and Commons, 1648." (MS. B. Mus. Lib.)

[6] Since the vote of "no more adresses," the army party had preponderated in the House.

Let not malignants a victory gain—
Haply a leaf from our book they have ta'en,
And here all the scum[1] of the city have sent,
To menace a privileg'd Parliament!"

III.

Ceased is the clamour of fife and drum,
Unto Palace-yard the Petitioners come;
Westminster Hall is quite filled with the rout,
But nearly as great is the concourse without;
And the guards of the Houses feel something[2] subdued
At the sound of the march of the multitude.

IV.

Pendant aloft in the misty air
Many a Royalist banner is there;[3]
Many a standard, whose silken fold
Is wrought in colour and fringed with gold,
(Trophy at Naseby or Newbury won)
Is kissed by the chequer'd rays of the sun.

V.

"Pikes to the charge!" their commander cries.
"Forbear!" the Miller of Wandsworth replies;
And his snow-white banner he waveth then,
"We are but peaceful and unarm'd men;
And a petition we come to present
At the doors of the Houses of Parliament."

[1] Alluding to Pym's mobs.

[2] But Clement Walker says that "Some of the petitioners were beaten at Whitehall by the soldiers as they passed by;" that the guard "opposed their entrance" into Westminster Hall, and that when they pressed in, they were "reviled by the guard at the Commons' door."

[3] The standards taken from the Royalists were suspended in Westminster Hall, and appear to have remained there till the Restoration.

VI.

"Petition! forsooth?" quote the officer then
Who commanded the guard of the Parliament men.
"Ne'er did I see a more beggarly crew;
Stand back, or our matchlocks shall fire on you!
I see not a person of note in the hall,
And scarce a good doublet amongst ye all."[1]

VII.

Quoth the Miller of Wandsworth, "If men be true,
Who cares if their doublets be old or new?
Humble our station, and poor though we be,
We have hearts to feel for his Majesty.
Fire if you dare! but this hall we'll not leave
Till our Petition an answer receive."

VIII.

Then the Surrey-men bold gave a shout so high
That it shook all the trophies of victory.
Remember[2] that there they had not come to fight,
But to get back the subject's and citizen's right.
The Member for Surrey, ere ceases the din,
Receives the Petition[3] and bears it within.

IX.

"Pay off the army? and bring the King back?
Their burdens take off?—nay, what more do they lack?

[1] The petition being spoken of as that of the "Clubmen of Surrey," shows that it must have been largely supported by inferior persons.

[2] It will have been gathered from a previous note that the "Surrey petition" was constitutional in its tone. It is absurd to suppose that any violence was meditated.

[3] Mr. Price, recently sheriff for the county, presented the petition to the Commons, Sir Edmond Bowyer, of Camberwell, to the Lords.

No answer[1] we send to this rabble and scum
Which here with desires so rebellious have come."
'Twas thus that the House the Petition denied,
And ere 'tis half read they have thrown it aside.

[1] "The question being propounded, that an answer be given to the petition of Surrey, it passed in the negative.—*Commons' Journal*, 16th May, 1648.

STAVE III.

Awaiting the Answer.

I.

Silent the guard stands, the chamber before,
Lo! the white banner is raised near the door
Crown'd with white flow'rs, her old grand-sire beside
Rose cannot dream of petition denied;
Pale is her cheek, and her eyes full of tears,
Mov'd is her heart, by the strength of the cheers.

II.

"Hey for King Charles!"—with their caps in the air,[1]
Good is the cause—and shall Surrey despair?
Shall, indeed, freedom be claimed by each one,
And the Great Head of the nation have none?
Parliament, surely at length will relent,
And end the King's cruel imprisonment.

III.

"Rose, thou art faint?" her old grandfather said,
"Fear not for me," cried the brave little maid,
"Little I reck of the distance from home,
If to Petition good answer shall come;
Who would of toil or of danger complain,
Which the King's freedom may purchase again?

[1] Mentioned by diurnals of the time.

IV.

"Haply the Speaker himself may come,
To tell of their voting his Majesty home,
And how a great feast here prepared shall be
As a tribute of true-hearted loyalty,
And while sweet oblivion o'er quarrels shall fall
How the King shall be welcomed in Westminster Hall."[1]

V.

Doors of the Commons seem bolted and barred,
Motionless stand all the men of the guard;
Surrey-men presently clamour begin,
"Please you to say to your masters within,
That their Petitioners wait for reply
When it shall please their great clemency.

VI.

"Far over hill and o'er dale we have come,
Wives, daughters, sisters, await us at home;
Moonlight shall dance on the dew-spangled sward,
Ere a late supper our travail reward;
Here, then, no longer, our people delay,
Give us our answer, and send us away!"[2]

VII.

Sure some response will those patriots send,
Who ever do promise poor folks to defend;
Who with pitying heart, and with diligent hand,
Labour to heal all the wounds of the land,
Surely, oh surely, there comes *some* reply,
From the boasted guardians of liberty?

[1] Instead of any such reception, it will be remembered he was *here* tried and condemned to death.

[2] The Petitioners had assembled from various quarters to rendezvous on Putney Heath in the first instance. They appear not to have arrived at Westminster until the afternoon.

VIII.

Never, too-credulous Englishmen,
Trust unto plausible praters again—
Lest the fair deceit of a snakish address
Your Eden should change to a wilderness;
When the sheep cries "Ba!" with insensate din,
Take heed that a wolf be not under the skin!

IX.

Silently stand those grim Parliament men;
Surrey Petitioners break forth again,—
"Haply your masters do mock us," they cry.
"Tell them, once more, we await their reply.
Sooner by far we would pull out the crew,
Than stand at the door here to guard[1] them, like you."

X.

"If to no pity their hearts are inclined
For the poor King in sad prison confined—
Some of whose burdens and sorrows we share—
Let them the same with all plainness declare,
And we'll know what to do: here an answer we crave,
And tell them, what's more, that an answer we'll have."

XI.

Spoke the Commander, with sinister smile,
"Noble Petitioners!—Patience awhile,
Hither with answer the messengers haste—
Answer, perchance, not quite after your taste—
Hark to their tread!—though no trumpet or drum
Marshal them in, here the messengers come!"

[1] "They asked them," says Whitelock, who, with Rushworth, follows the accounts published by the army party, "why they stood there to guard a company of rogues?"

XII.

Have you that soldier's dark speech understood?
Know that the rest must be written in blood!—
Scarce had he spoke, when by fives, tens, and scores,
Pike-men and horsemen rush in through the doors,
All upon murderous purpose intent—
This was the ANSWER the Commons had sent.[1]

[1] "No answer came from the Commons—from the Peers a slight answer" (says a *Letter of Intelligence*). "The Petitioners grumbled. Sir Henry Mildmay, it is supposed, coming out, was told that they would not be fobbed off as the Essex men were. They came for an answer, and one they did expect ere they would stir. This was told in the House, and one came forth and told them they should have an answer, and then whispered one of the guard which stood next him, who went and called the soldiers at the Mews." *Clar. M.S.*, fol. 2,786, Bodl. Lib., Oxford.

STAVE IV.

Massacre.

I.

"Must we be slaughtered like sheep in a pen?
Back!" shouts the Miller, "ye blood-thirsty men!
Will you such crime against Liberty dare?—
Parliament butchers!—I charge ye, beware!"
Only this answer the Miller hath won,
"Ride down the rebels! Cut, slash, and fall on!"[1]

II.

A stave is a foolish thing, and a vain
To ward off a blow that cuts limbs in twain;
And a poor man's doublet, not over new,
Is easy enough for a pike to run through;
Nor can hat of felt long protect the crown
On which pole-axe and sabre come swooping down.

III.

The soldier must do as he gets command,
Others the blame and the cost must stand;
By "hear, and obey," he must governed be,
Or be shot or hanged for a mutiny;
His bloodier acts you must needs forgive,
For the craftsman still by his craft must live.

[1] "Fall on" was the word of command according to "Regulations."

IV.

Hark to the word that is passed through the hall :—
" Down with them, down with them, down with them all!
Slay and destroy all the recreant brood,
Who would take away from us our livelihood;[1]
Send them to Tophet[2], and let them prepare
A place for their idol of Majesty there ! "

V.

Rose clings, in fear, to her grandfather's arm—
How is the old man to shield her from harm ?
" Rose ! get behind me !—the corner !—the wall !—
Merciful Heav'n ! to the slaughter they fall !
Let not the place with *her* blood be defiled,
Surrey-men ! Surrey-men !—stand round the child ! "

VI.

Banner-stave shiver'd, no longer can ward,
Rush must be made on the men of the guard ;
Sudden the Miller, and five or six more,
Halberts have wrested[3] from those at the door,
Which to the " charge " on the instant they bring,
Calling out :—" Death to the foes of the King ! "

VII.

Parliament veterans pains have to take—
Small though it be—that stout phalanx to break

[1] Although most of the officers, as well as the soldiers, of the Parliamentary Army were mechanics and tradesmen (See *Buckle's Hist. of Civilization*, I. 601.), it was not likely that they would approve of being deprived of the lucrative profession they had adopted.

[2] " Tophet was ordained for Kings."

[3] The accounts published by the army party speak of the Petitioners having disarmed some of the soldiers.

Not unavenged[1] the old Miller shall die—
Though their red weapons they busily ply,
Three he hath slain, and six more put to rout,
While "Hey! for King Charles!" the poor Surrey-men shout.

VIII.

What are five halberts against a host?
Plainly such combat must soon be lost.
Ev'ry new effort is only in vain—
Foes are forced back; but they come on again
In greater number, and fiercer mood,
With a new and a deadlier thirst for blood!

IX.

The Miller of Wandsworth, sturdy and tall,
Standeth, at last, with his back to the wall.
Much do I honour the gallant old man,
To see how he wieldeth his partizan;
Like hoary lion he standeth at bay
Keeping those terrible butchers away!

X.

The vision has vanished—I see him no more;
The horses slip in the pools on the floor,
And their heels strike fire. The carnage is hot—
Resistance is over, but vengeance is not;
Hither and thither the victims fly,
Who cannot escape from the enemy!

XI.

Shouts of vengeance and cries of pain;
Whirling rout over wounded and slain;

[1] See quotation from *Heath's Chron.* at the end of this tale.

Marks on the wall where the phalanx stood—
On the pavement beneath—garments rolled in blood!
Of the sounds I hear—of the sights I see—
I will say no more, for they sicken me!

XII.

Hush'd is the clamour of fife and drum;
No more to London Petitioners come;
Stain'd white banner serves well as a pall
For yon ghastly heap in Westminster Hall!
The hideous slaughter[1] has come to an end,
Silence and night on the scene descend.

[1] Colonel Cobbett—a determined officer, who was employed on some other momentous occasions—was the Commander who brought the troops from the Mews and Whitehall (horse and foot) to fall on the Petitioners. He came into the House (bleeding from wounds, according to Ludlow), and reported that the Petitioners had *withdrawn* into the fields. Colonel Cobbett and the officers and soldiers (See *Commons' Journals*) received the thanks of the House for their "careful managing of the guard for the preservation of this House."

STAVE V.

Thanksgiving.

I.

The shadows of night have passed away,
And the sun rejoiceth with gladsome May;
No more to London Petitioners come,
But the dead and the wounded are carted home.
Peace!—not a murmur the silence must break
While Parliament saints their thanksgiving[1] do make!

II.

But first to work let the soldiers fall,
And wipe the stains from pavement and wall;
The hall that was yesterday cleansed with blood
To be washed with water, is fitting and good!
Then blow up the trumpet for feast and for fast,
While Marshal and Burgess to pulpit[2] do haste.

[1] 17th of May, 1648, this "thanksgiving" was for the victory over the Welsh Royalists under Langhorn, at St. Fagans, near Bridgend, Glamorganshire, by the Parliament army under Colonel Thomas Horton, formerly servant and falconer to Sir Arthur Hazelrigg.

[2] Stephen Marshal—a great enemy of King and Cavalier, who deserted the Presbyterians to join the army party—preached the thanksgiving sermon on this day (17th May) before the House of Commons. Burgess, another eminent divine, preached a thanksgiving sermon elsewhere.

III.

Rose, from the midst of the terrible fray,
By a Parliament soldier was carried away;
For grey malignant small pity had he,
But for maiden of twelve—some charity;
Would you guess the cause—unto all be it known,
He had once lost a child of that age of his own.

IV.

The dove had been caged against her will,
Or she had been fast by her grandsire still;
"Calm thyself child, when this mutiny ends
I doubt not but thou shalt discover thy friends."
It was thus that they tried to soothe her woe,
But the child would not be comforted so.

V

How she had lost him, she scarce could tell,
For when the soldiers upon them fell,
The suddenness of that cruel surprise
Had frozen her heart, and had blinded her eyes,
And now with returning reason and sense
Came the chill fever of dread suspense.

VI.

Dove-like at times quite still she would lie;
Anon she would rise and strive furiously.
"You *shall* not" she said "keep me prisoner here,
He is hurt!—let me go to my grandfather dear!"
The wife of that soldier, no friend to the King,
Did weep at the sight of her suffering.

VII.

To the Thanksgiving, whether she will or no,
At St. Margaret's Church,[1] they will have her to go;
But, though her grief she did try to curb,
The sobs of the child did the people disturb;
And, indeed, the minister's pious discourse
Seemed as if only it made her worse.

VIII.

He sang hosannas for victory;
And then upon yesterday's work touch'd he:
"Be strong, and be of good courage," he said
"Full surely your foes shall a footstool be made,"
But oh! how his "heart was cleft in twain
For those who did covenant mercies disdain."

IX.

"What! would they still tempt their Master and Lord,
Desiring a King in despite of the word?[2]
Shall the saints no longer be let to reign?
Shall Charles be brought back here in triumph again?
Nay—Heaven forbid it!—while alms,[3] prayers, and tears,
Can keep down the back-sliding lost cavaliers!"

X.

Said he, "I have seen an old oak in his pride
Tow'r o'er the trees that were green by his side;
Lo! on the morrow I pass'd him by,
Prone in the dust did that old oak lie!
I have seen an old rebel, sturdy and tall,
Swoop to the earth with as sudden a fall!"

[1] It was here that sermons were preached to the House of Commons.

[2] 1 Samuel, viii. 8., was a favourite text amongst the enemies of the Crown.

[3] Whoever will take the trouble to read the sermons of the Parliamentarian divines will find that very stirring arguments were occasionally used to draw money from the pocket, for the support of the army.

XI.

"The Miller who yesterday's mutiny led"—
Some one hath whisper'd while blessing is said,
Does the child hear? does she know what they say?
From her new guardians she breaketh away,
And ere they can stay her a thing she hath found,
Which many to gaze on are gathering round.

XII.

Friends—unto all I must plainly declare
That I know not at all why 'twas laid[1] out there;
Possibly—so unto me it appears—
'Twas meant as a warning to all mutineers,
To numb the hand, and to freeze the heart,
Of such as desire with the King to take part.

XIII.

Lazarus sleepeth!—he yet may wake!—
Room for the nearest relative make!—
She maketh her way through the pitying crowd
To Rose is the place of honour allowed,
She stands at the head of the crimson'd pall—
Oh! woeful and dismal spectacle!

[1] "They went on here (*i.e.* in London) with their thanksgiving for their good success in Wales, which was so meanly observed, that I believe they were almost ashamed of it. For *at Westminster there were more people to view the body of the old Miller of Wandsworth*—one of the Petitioners of Surrey that they murdered the day before—than there were at the sermon at the Abbey, and at some places there were scarce forty in church. St. Dunstan's was so empty that a fellow in a jeere (*sic*) stood at the church door, and called to the people as they passed by, and asked them if they would come and thanksgive, they should have room enough." *Letter of Intelligence* fol. 2,786. *Clar. MS.*, Bodl. Lib., Oxford.

XIV.

It was the banner which yesterday
Floated in front of the concourse gay,
When to the clamour of fife and drum,
The Surrey Petitioners hither did come;
But innocent white it doth shine no more—
'Tis marred and stained and spotted with gore!

XV.

It was a goodly man, and a tall—
(The face was not concealed by the pall)
A spirit lofty, a temper bold,
Was stamped on those features so pale and cold;
When I think of that figure, it seemeth to me
Like a great King's marble effigy.

XVI.

With frost of time on his locks and beard,
A man of threescore and ten he appeared.
When the wounded Petitioners fled from the hall,
With his face to his foes, and his back to the wall,
Run through by a pike—his bold spirit had fled—
'Twas the Miller of Wandsworth who there lay dead!

XVII.

See, how she stands with dilating eyes,
And cheek that blanches with dread surprise,
Till of colour is left nor sign, nor trace,
But a hue like that on the dead man's face,
From her lips there cometh nor sigh nor moan;
She seems as though she were turning to stone!

XVIII.

"Lazarus sleepeth—he is not dead!"—
(One who did think to comfort her, said)
"In a happier land he shall wake again,
Where rebels and tyrants no more shall reign!
In the cause of the King, he hath fallen in strife
But the KING OF KINGS shall raise him to life!"

XIX.

Hark! do you hear it?—that awful sound—
It thrills the hearts of the people round!—
When all the truth to the child was known,
The terrible depth of her grief was shown!—
Thought and feeling and reason went
With that wild cry, which to Heav'n she sent.

XX.

A Temple darken'd!—a shrine o'erthrown!
A little harp that hath lost its tone!—
The strong and cruel hand of despair,
Trying his music discordant there—
Sounding a dismal dirge forlorn—
Tuneful strings asunder hath torn!

XXI.

Broken harp, in a ruin'd cell!
How shall it wake to departed spell?—
If a single cord shall by chance remain,
It may haply sound you a fitful strain,
The breath of the wandering wind
ruin shall entrance find!

XXII.

Firm and true was the bond that tied
The orphan maid to the old man's side!—
There was none that she lov'd so well;—
But you ask in vain, if you bid me tell
Whether the darkness that clouds her brain,
Ever shall yield to the light again!

XXIII.

Far o'er the Surrey hills publish the tale,—
"Pride of the Hamlet" and "Flow'r of the Dale,"
Victims of tyrannous Parliament!
Woe! for the cruel response that was sent!
Tears of a nation are falling anew
O'er this murderous deed of the Roundhead crew!

XXIV.

Weeds are rank in the little parterre—
Hand of the maiden is wanting there!
Round and round goes the wheel of the mill,
Another the old man's place must fill!
Child belov'd with affection warm
Clings no more to her grandsire's arm!

XXV.

No more, with clamour of fife and drum,
The Surrey Petitioners marching come—
By snow-white banner no longer led,
No more the Miller shall walk at their head!
The dream of the loyal was cherished in vain
Of bringing the King back to freedom again.

XXVI.

The welcome[1] to Surrey remember'd shall be
As a record of Parliament piety,
Sure prayers of "the Faithful" did favour obtain
When the Miller of Wandsworth was *gallantly* slain!
Give God all the praise,[2] amen! and amen!
For this marvellous triumph o'er unarm'd men![3]

[1] This business is often alluded to in subsequent pamphlets as the "Surrey Welcome."

[2] Parliamentarians generally pretended that these victories were miraculous.

[3] *Heath's Chronicle*, p. 172, contains the following account of the matter:—"The County of Surrey, thought it a good and neighbourly office to the Parliament to give them a taste—in fair and civil language—of the whole Kingdom's resentment of their proceedings with the King, that so, without any more effusion of blood, a stop might be put to those threatening evils, that visibly were imminent upon the nation. To this purposes a calm, mild, and rational petition was, with all humility, and without any tumultuous disorder, attended on by a numerous, yet civil and well-reputed train, presented to the two Houses on the 16th of May, 1648, by the hands of the prime gentlemen of the county, who were presently ordered to withdraw and await their answer, while in the meantime the faction gave notice to the Guards at Whitehall and the mews to come and free them from this otherwise unanswerable address. In the interim the honest countrymen, understanding that their answer was respited, and that the chief of their county would only be permitted to receive it, withdrew themselves to several inns at Westminster to put up and refresh their horses and themselves, where they found the troopers very quarrelsome, and telling them that there was no room, and scarce accommodation for the army; which made most of them go into the suburbs; when presently the guards of Janizaries marched in haste into the hall, and fell a hewing and cutting (without any expostulation of the Petitioners' business there) and with some slaughter, and more terror, drove them into the Palace-yards. Among the rest that were killed was *the Miller of Wandsworth, a stout fellow, and who died not unrevenged*, being cut and run through with a halbert; the rest scattered and dispersed themselves, being in no capacity for resistance, and carried home their answer for peace written in the red letters of their fellows' blood. This petition had been subscribing a month before, and much order and exactness used therein; but one rubric blot dashed it into nothing. The

XXVII.

Finish, fell traitors, your work well begun!
Pile up the woes of a nation undone!
Ruin of Church and of Kingdom complete,
Trample our liberties under your feet!
And—for a close—match the crimes of old Rome—
To a bloody grave, bring His Majesty home!

triumphant grandees never knew the ways of peace, and this method to it retorting their own practices in the beginning of troubles was most distasteful; for it discovered to the people that the right prayer of petitioner was only for Parliamentary privileges, and that the liberty of the subject was only a pretence. * * * This sanguineous reception of so innocent a paper was highly resented everywhere."

Ludlow—as also Rushworth and Whitelock, who follow in most cases the accounts published by their own party—would have us believe that the Petitioners provoked the murderous attack of the soldiers. Mr. Carlyle, going still further, throws a gloss of his own over the matter, by calling it an *armed* Petition. His concluding remark, that the Petitioners returned home in a "slashed and highly indignant condition," is scarcely worthy of one who pretends to be a historian. (*See Cromwell's Letters*, &c., II. 11, 1850).

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